





Sold at the greyhound in S^t Pauls Church yeard

THE
SUBJECTS JOY
FOR
The Kings Restoration,
Cheerfully made known
IN
A Sacred MASQUE:
Gratefully made publique
FOR
His saCRed Majesty.

By the Author of
INQUISITIO ANGLICANA.

2 KING. XI. 12.

And he brought forth the Kings Son, and put the Crown upon him; and gave him the Testimony, and they made him King; and Anointed him, and clapt their hands, and said:— God save the KING.

LONDON:

Printed, in the year of Grace, for *James Davis*, and are to be
sold at the *Graveyard* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. 1660.

THE
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2 KING. XI. 12.
and have him the testimony, and they shall give
king; and Anointed him, and they shall band, and
God save the KING.

Printed, in the City of London, for J. W. and are to be
sold at the Church of St. Paul's Church-yard, 1700.



To His EXCELLENCY

The Lord General MONCK.

Heroick Sir,

THE present affairs of this Kingdom, are, so providentially managed, by God; so prudentially, by You; and so happily & opportunely, for the building up, the Raine; and repairing of the Breaches, both in Church, and State: that, the Factionist, malignes; the Temporist, admires; and Royallist, congratulates: so hopeful a beginning;

Let it not then displease (my Lord) if now, one of those poor grateful Royallists; hath (in this spring of hope) so cheerful a boldness, as to beg the favour of your Excellency, to Patronize this Peece.

This Peece (I confess) is Theatrical, New, and
Strange;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Strange; Strange, but yet Pertinent; New, but yet Serious, and Theatrical, but yet Sacred.

Now am I in This, either singular, or affected; while Apollinarius and Nazianzen (two antient Fathers of the Primitive Church) are known to be exemplary in this very way.

I am now upon the joyful Stage to play the devout Comedian; and by a new Triumphal, to merit the affections, of the most Disloyall.

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Upon the Stage I am, that (as by a true reflection, to shew the radiance of my divine zeal) so, I might (by congruous Divinity) render Corah (notwithstanding his holy Place) Rebellious: and Treason (notwithstanding Garner's Straw, and Becker's Canonization) in the Abstract, hateful, both to God, and man.

Religion and Allegiance, are the wings of the soul, to mount her unto Heaven: and the present Masquerade, is but to preserve the Beauty, of so fair an Allegation; and to attest before the world, my utter abhorrence of the least Confederation, against the Higher Powers.

Oh Sir! may the Higher Powers be as safe, as sacred:

The Epistle Dedicatory;

sacred: and may That Sacred Person, into whose hands, God, by his Grace, Nature, by Descent; and the Law, by Right; have successively given the Globe and the Scepter: may, He, as may He be, as happy, as He is Good, and as Good, as He is Great: the Best of Men, crowned with the Best of Blessings.

Sir, your Excellency is now the Renowned Instrument, of wonderful Transactions: In the name of God, go on, and prosper.

Certainly (my Lord) if your auspicious self, shall (with this hopefully-happy Parliament) go on, to Act for God; and the good of his distressed People:

By Enthroning,

The most Illustrious Prince,

: God oT

And

— **Our Lawful King,**

Charles the Second:

For the Settling, of the State:

For the Reforming, of the Church:

The Epistle Dedicatory.

**For the Establishing, of the Lawes:
And the Maintaining, our Religion;
That most true, Protestant Religion,
Of the Church of England:**
I am confident, **You shall as surely Prosper,**
in having,
**The Holy Spirit of God, to be Your Guid:
The holy Angels of God, to be Your Guard:
Here, to be Parnous; and Hereafter, to be Glo-
rious; as there is a God, in Heaven.**
So Believetb, and Affirmeb;

Ever Devoted —

To God: —

His Prince: —

And Countrey,

Charles the Second:

Anthony Sadler.

TO THE
Candid Reader.

This is the Month, this is That Month of May,
Which Tunes our Noats to sing our Princes Birth.
This is that Month, this is The Month of May,
Which Loyall London calls her Holy-day.

The Prince (as now new Born) from the wombe,
Of Hardest Travail, is Deliver'd. — Come —
The Midwifery of Heaven, doth Present
A saCRed Monarch, to the Parliament:
And That, to Us, and We, to Heaven again,
Present our Thanks, and Bless our S-veraign.

Rejoyce (my soul) to see the Prince of Worth,
(The Worlds wonder) brought so Timely forth.
Rejoyce Blest Prince, thy Throne is blest with Peace:
Thy welcome Income, makes our Wars to cease.
Rejoyce my Fellow-Subjects, All, as One,
Congratulate the Rising of This Sonne;
Whose Royall Lustre hath dispell'd our Fears,
And Clouds of Grief, to drop with Joyful Tears.

Anthony Sadler.

In this **M A S Q U E** are

8. **Shapers.**

10. **Speeches.**

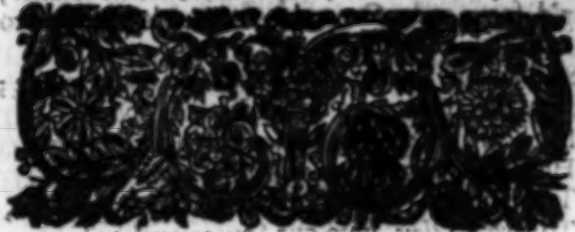
3. **Songs.**

The Persons in the several **Shops,**
Speaking the several **Speeches,**

Psyche.
King David.
King Abijah.
His Queen-Mother.
Are Two Dukes, his Brothers.
The High Priest.
The Lord General.
The Prophet Shemaiah.

The Scene,

For the { **Land** } **is** { **Canaan.**
 { **Place** } { **Bethel.**
Person { **Jeroboam.**



A Divine Masque.

The private Speech
OF
The *AUTHOR*
In Society with his Friends, to entertain the
Time before the Masque begun.

YOU know (Dear Friends)
That, *Vides, Vindico*; is God's Motto
upon Traitors: but it is our duty to wait
Gods time; for, he that *shall* come, *will*: and he
that *will* come, is; to the help of his Anointed.
God (hath in mercy) made his people to return,
return to their duty, of Praying for the King.

A Divine Masque.

His very Name now, is pretious; his Presence,
long'd for; and a General joy, attends the hope, to
see him, in his Throne.

So that now (seeing) the Royal Son, begin to rise;
and my Loyal fancy, to be as lucky, as divine:

My heart reviv'd, my Muse rejoyc'd, to bring,
Her Off-spring out, to welcome in, the King.

Two Virgins (dress'd in Print) with blest accord,
To give a *Salve*, unto our Sovereign Lord.

The Elder, is a Sybillian; and to acheer the King)
doth (by a Prophetick Pen) write a Prædiction, in a
Lamentation.

The Younger, is a Masquer; and she also (to
acheer the King) doth (by pretty Scenes) præfaging-
ly-præact, his (just) Inauguration.

They are Both, the Issue, of one Parent; Legiti-
mate, and Loyal: but — upon the very Conception
of the Masquer; much troubled I was; on whom,
and where, and how, to lay the Scene.

I once thought to have made *England*, the Na-
tion; *Westminster*, the Place; and then —

My purpose was, the Powder-traitors Plot;
For to have made my Subject; and their Lot,
(To Ruine cast) have shewn. I had thought,
To've made their way, a Warning; and had brought,
Examples, pertinent; prophane, but true;
To make their shame, as fearful; as its due.

But, this not fully reaching, to the aim,
Of what I would; I then, begun again;
Consulted God, and took my Object higher;
I made my Subject, sacred; and came nigher,

A Divine Masque.

3

To shew a Traitors Doom from Scripture : then —
I pitch'd on *Zedekiah*. —

Knowing well,
That, *Zedekiah* when he did Rebell,
Against th' Covenant, made ; and Oath, he took ;
To be the King of *Babels* Vice-Roy — look.
Oh how the faithful God, did take to heart ;
The wrong, thus offer'd, unto Either Part :

His (1) Name ; the Heathens (2) Right, and *Israels* (3) Law:
Made (1) Vain ; as (2) Void ; and (3) Vile : by *Zedekiah*.

Treasons abhor'd : and God would make him know it ;
And (maugre *Egypt*, and all's Force) did show it.
The *Caldee* Army came at length, to prove,
A Traitors tongue, calls Vengeance from 'Above ;
And God, and Man, to right (such wrongs doth move.
Jerusalem, — that strong and stately City,
Is close besieg'd ; without regard, or pity,
Of either Place, or Persons ; want, within ;
And Fear, without ; makes every face look thin.

Within, they faint ; without the walls, they fall ;
The City's broken up ; the King, and All,
Fly for their Lives : — but, whither shall they fly,
Whom God pursues, with's Anger's Hue and Cry ?

King *Zedekiah* (now the woful scorn,
Of the *Chaldean* Army) is forlorn :
(Pursude, and taken) he is Vilifi'd ;
To *Riblah* hurried : and there justly tri'd :
Tri'd by the Prince abus'd ; and the same King,
Who gave him leave to Rule, as Underling ;
He is his Judge ; and rightfully condemns,
His Treasons, and his Traitorous stratagems,

A Divine Masque.

He slayes his Sons before him ; makes him see,
 His Sin hath ruind his Posterity,
 Then puts he out his Eyes, as having been,
 The Visible Contrivers of that Scene.
 At last he (bound in Chains) in Prison lies ;
 And (living Poor, and Blinde) there (wretched) dies.

And here, I stop ; —

Two Subjects more (more fit)
 Courting my Fancy ; thus my Fancy writ,

Zimri would be King of *Israel* :
 And so would *Shallum* too :
 Two Subjects : but, Both, Traitors :
 Both, Murderers : and Murdered :
 A wicked Pair well met ; and truly matcht ;
 For Fate, and Fortune, equal : strangely hatcht,

Each, was a King :
 In Name ; but, not by Right :
 Nor by Succession ; but, by Trechery :
 Not by Choyce ; but, Usurpation :
 Not by Conquest ; but, Rebellion :
 They matter'd not which way ;
 So the End were gotten.

But, — ah how soon,
 Is the Head of Ambition, turn'd round ;
 With what prodigious speed,
 Doth the short time, of their Tryumphing fly ?
 A certain shame,
 Waits on, their fickle glory ;
 And their deceitful Glasse,
 Of false-reflecting-Beaury
 While 'tis but lookt upon, 'tis broken.

Though

A Divine Masque.

Though *Prefumption* leads the Van ;
Despair, brings up the Rear ;
Of all their Squadrons.

Zimri, is scarce seated in the Throne ;
But, Vengeance follows him :

His seven dayes Reign, is dearly bought ;
And his End, is as dreadful, as his Treason.

He saves the Executioner, a labour ;
And by a Strange Device,

To put his Ashes in a Royal Urn,
He Fires the Pallace, and Himself doth burn.

And was not *Shallum* haunted
With as ill Success, in as high a Fortune ?

Past Grace, past Shame.
He dares Heaven to defend the King ;
While he conspires to Murder him.

Not because, *Zachariah* was as Bad, as Any ;
But because, He was Above All :

He had the Supremacy ;
And *Shallum* longs for it :

And now, his Pride ;
Admits no Obstacle, — as legal :

The Thirst of his Ambition,
Must be quench'd with Blood ;

Not Popular ; but Royal ;
Not of Any Prince ; but his Own ;

Not a in Private ; but a Publique way ;
Not by Others ; but his Own hands :

Thus, he contrives to Kill ;
And Kills, to Reign ;

And Reign, he doth ; —
A Rebel, — but no Sovereign.

A Divine Masque.

Yet now, — (as arrogant as the Devil)
 The Glory of the world's His :
 He won it, by the Sword ;
 And by the Sword, he'll keep it.

A Traitors Plea right :
 He that set him, to this School ;
 Taught him his Lesson well.

But, — the Feet of wool, have Hands of Iron :
 God, is Slow, but Sure :

Shallum (with a vengeance) findes it ;
 He findes it : but —
 Not so much Slow — and — Sure,
 As Sure — and — Sudden:

Shallum kill'd his Lord ;
 And the Servant, kill'd *Shallum*.
Zimri was destroyed by Himself:
Shallum, by Another :
Zimri, at a Weeks End :
 And *Shallum*, at a Months.

Thus, * he that Kills his Prince, to wear his Crown;
 To warm his Fingers, burns a Pallace down.
 Deludes, destroyes himself ; and while he venter,
 To round, a seeming Heaven ; Hell, consenter.

Villain forbear : do'nt suck thy Princes Blood :
 Forbidden meat, is no fit meat for Food.

And here (notwithstanding the time I had spent,
 and model, I had made ; and had (as in, a manner)
 laid the Scene, upon these Persons, and this Peece, of
 thus revenged Treason : yet,) my minde was farther
 prest, to take another, and to begin anew:

At last, the Needle left her trombling Round :
 And my Magnetick Fancy, fixt I found.

I found

A Divine Masque.

2
7

I found my Subject : and when All is done,
My Subject's *Feroboam*, *Nebat's* Sonne.

Feroboam

Whose Hope, though (at the last) it was deceived ;
and his Policy, defeated ; and his Pride, debased ; and
his Person, destroyed ; (for,

The Lord strook him, and he died.)
Yet, this Carastrophe;

Of That

Ominous Politician :

Was (for many years) as really Improbable ; as was,
the Settlement of *Abijah*, seemingly Impossible. —

But stay, This ruder Peece, is dedicated to the pub-
lick view ; and the contingency of censure : I will
(therefore) no longer detain you, from your Places ;
nor anticipate your fancy.

My good wishes, wait upon your favour ; and the
better Omen of the Masque, upon your Persons, and
your Fortunes.

So we All arose, and went into the Theater ;
where (we being Sate) four Trumpeters did enter ;
and having sounded a *Victoria*, a Levite presents him-
self, and speaks —

The Argument.

In the dayes of *Reboam* (the Son of *Solomon*) 1 King. 11. 26.
did *Feroboam* (the Son of *Nebat*) rebel against his
King.

In which Rebellion, when he had continued 1 King. 11. 19.
eighteen years : then began *Abijah* (the Son of *Rebo-* 2 Chron. 13. 1.
am) to reign over *Juda*.

In

Ver. 2.

1 King. 14. 10.

1 Chron. 13. 3.

In the third year of whose Reign, he waged war ;
and set the Battel in Aray, against *Feroboam* ; who,
when he had plaid *Rex*, so long a time, as two and
twenty years : and had an Army, so Great, as of
Eight hundred Thousand, chosen men, being mighty
men of Valour : yet then, even then ; was the Lord
pleased, to make his Arm bare ; his Justice,
known ; the Truth, prevalent ; and his Name, glor-
rious.

1 Chron. 13.

13.

14.

16.

17.

19.

20.

For, this so successful Treason, this numerous
Army, and unhappily happy Traitor ; were, in their
best Condition ; and their greatest Confidence, to-
tally subdued ; and fearfully overthrowed ; five hun-
dred thousand of them slain : their General enforced
to fly ; and (as a Warning to all Rebels) exem-
plarilly struck dead by the Hand of the Lord.

In a grateful Commemoration, of which Signal
Victory ; and in an holy Precommemoration of the years
succeeding, Fortunate, to the Truth and Loyalty ;
was, this new-mysterious Masque first made ;
wherein

Abijah, and King's Cause ;

Feroboam, and the Rebels ;

(With the justice, and success, of Both) are timously
made obvious ; to

The Comfort, and Encouragement,

Of

All Loyal Subjects.

Psal. 37. 36. 37.

I my self (saith the Royal Prophet), *have seen*
the Ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green
Bay Tree :

And

A Divine Masque.

9

And I went by, and lo, he was gone; I sought him,
but his Place could no where be found.

An Unwise man (saith the same Author) doth not
well consider This; and a fool doth not understand it. Psal. 92. 6, 7.

When the Ungodly are green, as the Grass; and when
all the workers of wickedness, do flourish; then shall
they be Destroyed for ever.

For (saith Ignatius Martyr) *Nemo qui se contra* Epil. 3.
Præstantiorem extulit; impunitus unquam abiit.

With that (he going off the Stage) a young Prince
Enters; wearing a Purple Robe, and his head Crown'd:
in the one hand, holding an Olive branch; in the other,
a Palm; and speaks —

The Prologue.

What means this Dress,
And to what purpose, this;
Am I Artir'd? He walks
stately; and
looks upon
himself.

The manners ominous;
A true Praefage, of strange Events; to come,
On After Ages; by a Present Doome.

What means this Place,
What Persons do I see?

I see, great Persons; and their Places, be,
Upon Sciostris wheele:

My Sovereign's Crown,
In's Grand-child's time's usurpt; and Rebels own.

I see again,
By Scripture, and by Reason;
An End, both Sad, and sure; attends on Treason:
His Sin is Fatal, who his Fall laments not;
His Fall, is Final; who his Sin repents not.

C

Traitors,

A Divine Masque.

Traitors, as Witches are ;
 And Witches never,
 Become Converted, but Condemned ever.

When Loyal Subjects,
 (Howsoere they Fare)
 As Blessed Angels (Angels blessed) are.
 Their hope — and — love espouse,
 And faith doth ty,
 Their true Allegiance, fast, to Sovereignty.
 'Tis not the Tempest of the roughest Crosses,
 Can shipwrack their Obedience, with their Losses.
 It's so observ'd :

And *Psyche* (by the way)
 Is Staid, and Pray'd, their Banner to display ;
 And here it's done, in a Triumphant Story ;
 Which flouts, and routs, all traitors shameful-glory.

This is the Subject, of the Sequel Masque ;
 Which *Psyche* now, makes Mine ; and I, your Task ;
 I, to resume ; and You, for to revolve ;
 And Each, by Application, to resolve ;
 That this Sad-Sacred-pleasing-Scene ; is laid ;
 To make the Good, rejoyce ; the Bad, afraid.

But hark —————

The Musick sounds ;
 To my preventing :

May All, have Mirth : and *Psyche* ————
 True contenting.

Exit.

The

A Divine Masque.

11

The loud Musique sounds
And
The First Shew's Presented
Being

A Landskip in form of a Square; having in the one Angle, a Promontory, whereon the rural Nymphs were sporting, and under it, the Sea; wherein, was a gallant Navy sayling.

In another Angle, was a Garden; giving all the delight that dainty flowers, pleasant walks, and Musical water-works could yeild.

In the Third Angle, was a Castle, strongly, and bravely fortified; in the face whereof, was an Army compleatly Armed, marching in Aray.

In the fourth Angle, was a Park; well-wooded, and stor'd with Deer: Gallants a hunting, and the Hounds upon a full Cry.

In the middle of this Quadrangle, was a Grove of Cedars; out of which came a Shepherdess, in a green Gown, and a Garland on her Head; attended by a Swain, in a Shepherd's Coat, and a Pipe in his Hand: Each then, saluting other; the One Playes; and Both, Dance: which done — they pull off their Disguises, and discover themselves, to be, an Angel, and Psyche: Psyche then (instructed by the Angel) making an humble Address, and due Observance to R. A. the King.

Kneels down, and Speaks.

The first Speech.

Dread Sir — I crave your Pardon;
Which, if You,

C 2

Shall

Shall please to grant ;
 I crave your Patience too,
 Which, if you promise ;
 Then I crave your Ear ;
 Which, if you deign ;
 Then, let your Highness hear.

Goliath.

What was that Heathen, that he should out-brave,
 God's Cause, and Army, and a Challenge crave ?
 Or, what's this Traitor, that the Gauntlet throwes,
 In scorn of God, and doth the King oppose ?

Jeroboam.

At length, —

Abijah.

A Youth, but with a Stone and Sling ;
 Answer'd, and Conquer'd, that fell Philistine.
 And so, ere long,

David.

As mean a Meanes, may Be,
 The Scenes to Act this Villaines Tragedie.

Believe it' King *Abijah*,
 You shall find ;

The fall of *Jeroboam* is design'd.

Not from that Giant ; but, this Rebell ;

I — — —

Foresee the Sequel, by Imparitie :

For, True that Monster was ;

And his Strange Pride,

Did Vaunt but's Valour, to advance his Side.

But This,

— Was monstrous False :

And's frantick Zeal,

To turn a Kingdom, to a Common-weal ;

Prayes, and Betrayes ;

Swears, and Forswears, to further,

— The King in's Throne :

— The King at's Gate, to Murder.

Corah's

A Divine Masque.

13

Corah's was nothing, if compar'd to This ;
— This perjur'd Changling's Metamorphosis :
The Way, was worse ;
And may a worse Fate,
Then *Corah's*, or *Goliath's* ;
Antedate — the Transformation :
Prodigious Stars, portend his Fall ;
By Famine, Plague, or Wars.
May Loyalty, be blest :
Your Highness, Crownd :
And God, Convert ; or else your Foes Confound.
May you obtrude Intruders, from the Keyes ;
And keep them Sacred to Divine Decrees.
May *Aarons* Rod still flourish : and You be,
A Nurfing Father, both to It, and Me,
Still may the Lord, your Majesty defend ;
And Peace, or Patience, to your Subjects send.
Long may you live, ———
And live so long, to Reign ;
Till Treason be Reveng'd, and Traitors flamm.
This, This I ask, —
Which granted, I'll give ore :
And Bless my God, and You ; ———
And ask no more.

The King then drew off his Glove, and (holding out his hand) Psyche rose up ; and (kneeling down again) she kiss'd it.

The Queen then (observing Psyche, to have a curious Voyce) desired her to Sing : and (without denial, or reply) her good Angel standing by her, playing on a Lute, she sung ———

A Divine Masque.

The first Song.

1.

No more, no more, to ask,
Of God, and King,

Too sad's a Task,
In this glad Masque ;
To undertake, and sing.

2.

But, since my Loyal tongue ;
Hath Royal greeting ;

'Twere double wrong,
A single Song,
For to deny this Meeting.

3.

Angels, and Men, shall know ;
And All, hold forth ;

The Zeal I ow,
And love I show,
Unto my Princes worth.

4.

And now, in grateful-wife,
I'll kneel agen ;

To Sympathize,
The Peoples Cryes,
God save the King. Amen.

She kneels.

*With that (an Acclamation being made) the Scene,
upon a suddain, chang'd ; and then (the loud Musique
sounding a second time.)*

The

The Second Shew's presented
being

A pleasant Plain, encompassed with Hills : in the middle of which Plain, was a fair City ; and in the City a glorious Temple ; and in the Temple, a goodly Person : Which Person (having on, a Robe of fine linen ; and a curious Ephod upon the Robe ; and a golden Girdle upon the Ephod) walketh into the Sanctum Sanctorum, with the Book of the Law, in his hand, and thus speaks —

The Second Speech.

In this Asylum —
Doth (for certain) dwell,
God, and my Devotions Oracle;
Hence am I Taught :
And Here I am ; to know ;
The Reason why, the wicked Prosper so ?
I know, the Lord is Just :
But yet, — his wayes,
Seem very strange, and many doubtings raise.
For, — he fulfils the wicked man's request ;
And more then's Vote, doth correspond his Brest.
He fears not Death :
Nor doth his Body feel,
The darts of Sickness, or the Sword of Steel.
His Arm is brawny ;
And his Army's stout ;
And bravely Valiant, when he Marches out.
They — deck themselves with Pride, as with a chain,
And as a Garment, so they wear Disdain.

They

A Divine Masque.

They Drink : they Drab :
 And live licentious Lives :
 They mock at God :
 And yet ——— their Doing thrives.

They kill—— their King :
 Their Brethren, they Enlave :
 They Rob, and Spoil : and no Religion have.
 As Beasts of Prey, they have devouring Paws :
 As bloody Tyrants, they have broke all Laws :
 The Laws of God :

Of Nature :
 And the Land :
 And Crown'd their Treason, with Supreme Com-
 Yet —— God's not mov'd : (mand,

Except, it be to Bless ;
 Such Ill Proceedings, with a good Success.

At night,
 He guards them, in their safe Reposes ;
 And when 'tis Day,

He trims their Heads with Roses.

This, —— makes them bragg ;
 Their Cause, is most Divine :
 And Stately Fortune, makes their Cause to Shine.

This, —— makes Me grieve ;
 For This, I come, to know ;
 The Reason why, the wicked Prosper so ?

With that,
 A soft-small-voyce, deep silence brake ;

And thus,
 This Answer, to the Question spake.

—The Oracle.

Let God be true, and every man a Lyar:
 The Bramble-bush, is but (at best) a Bryar;
 It cannot be a Cedar:

The wicked may,
 Walk in the *broader*; but, not *safer* way.
 To stand upon a Pinnacle in pride;
 Is very vain, and perilous beside.

The more the wicked have; the more's their score;
 Upon the *Audit-Book* to reckon for.

They are the less excus'd, in having thus,
 All as they would, exceeding prosperous.

Their prosperous State, is as a Chance that's cast;
 And lucky Chances, do not alwayes last.

Their only Portion, on the Earth is given;
 Excluded ever, from a part in Heaven.

They are the *Rods* of God; and when his turn
 Is serv'd upon his Children, he will burn.

Their seeming Chrystall is but reall-Ice;
 They slide, and fall, and perish in a trice.

Their former Honour shall be quite forgot;
 And *Feroboam*, with his fame, shall rot.

He and all Rebels do ride post to Hell;
 And this for Truth the Oracle doth tell.

Then — let thy Faith, and Hope, and Love, be firm;
 (Whoere's aboard, it's God that sits at th' Stern.

He will thee guide with Councell;
 If thou lov'st him

And never fail thee,
 Whensoever thou prov'st him.

A Divine Masque.

Continue constant in thy fervent praying,
 Hec'l Crown thy Expectation——
 And my saying.

Then was a noyse of chearfull Musique heard,
 And sights of Foy (and Angels seen) appear'd,
 And therewithall——

The Third Shew's presented,
 being

A stately Pallace, wherein, was a Room of Alabaster (hang'd with Cloth of Gold, richly and curiously Embroidered, with the lively, and Emboss'd Imagery of David and Solomon; with the History of both: in the Hangings, were severall Rows of Jewels; whose Lustre was irradiant; and as so many Starres enlighten'd all the Room) whereinto (attended by Fifty Persons, all cloth'd alike, in Coats of Crimson Velvet, with green Sattin sleeves; their Stockings green Silks, with Garters and Roses, of Gold and Crimson) came——

The King of Judah,

The Queen his Mother,

Two Dukes, his Brothers,

The High Priest;

The Levites,

The Generall of the Army,

And the Captain of the Guard.

The King, Queen, and Princes, sat in their Chairs of State: All the rest at a distance sat bare-headed.

Then,

Then the King (lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven) smote upon his Breast; and thus his minde exprest'd ——— in ———

The Third Speech.

It makes us sport, to play with easie Cares;
When, Heavier, make us Dumb.
The Greater Fears,
Put *Speech* it self to silence; and the Ears,
To hear no Language but the Voyce of Tears.
Yet I ———

Th'unhappy Grand-Sonne of that *King*;
Whose Wealth, and Wisedome;
Power, and *Peace*; do ring,
With Everlasting Fame:
I — — — I am *Hee* ———

Must bear such Fame blasphem'd by Obloquie:
Must Hear't, and doe;
And Speak on't too.

Was ever Grief like mine?

I am the Object, wrongfully displac'd:
Of Honour sham'd: and *Majesty* debas'd:
Of Favour, much despis'd: of *Power*, made weak:
Of *SacRed Peace*, made *Civil Peace* to break.

Was ever Case like mine?

My Kingdome's Ravisht: :
Aud my Virgin Throne,
Basely's Deslowr'd by Rebellion:
My Royall Robe is rent:
My Scepter, broke:
My Crown, is fallen:
And the Loyall Yoak,

A Divine Masque.

Of Legall Tribune (to my greater crosse)
 With scorn, is torn, to my greatest losse.

Was ever wrong like mine?

The Traytors fury is without respect,
 Of Persons, and of Dury;
 Their neglect ———
 Doth know no Bounds;
 They will doe, as they say;
 Their Will's their Law; and with their Swords they

Were ever Foes like mine?

These ———
 With their *Old Projector* (to our woe)
 Have caus'd our grief, and grievous overthrow.

These ———
 Fought to kill . . . my Father;
 And can I ———

Expect good *Quarrel* from such *Soldiery*?

Alas! they are inhuman;

And no means,

Of Princely Favour,

Shining from the Beams,

Of Majesty it self,

Can make them know,

Or once acknowledge,

They subjection owe,

To any, but the stronger:

These be *they* ———

Whom self-advantage turns any way:

Were ever Foes like mine?

And such as, these, ———

Or rather just the same;

Were some that fled, and to our Party came;

Came,

Came, — but, as Spies;
And so it prov'd at length;
We lost their *duty* when we lost our *strength*;
Were ever Friends like mine?

This, —
In my Fathers Reign was sadly — true;
And what can I against so false a Cruelty?
They have disclaim'd my Right;
And few, or none;
But only God's my Consolation.

I am by *SACRED* and by *CIVIL* claim;
To all the *Tribes*, the *Lawfull* *Sovereign*;
Yet I — their *KING* —
Must see my Right, made Voyd;
And all Allegiance to my *Crown* destroy'd:
Was ever Realm like mine?

What shall I say?
I am an *Exile* driven,
To *Forrein* parts, —
And of my *Home* bereav'd.

What shall I do?
--- Alas, whereere I goe;
My Life's in danger by a cruel Foe:
I know not whom to trust:
And all my care,
Is, --- how my *Subjects* in my Fate will fare.

Ah me — forsaken — and — forlorn!
Nor Realm, nor Wrongs,
Nor Cause, nor Grief,
Nor Foes, nor Friends:
Were ever like to mine.

A Divine Masque.

With that he sigh'd, and ceas'd.

And then began,

The Mother-Queen;

And thus bespake her Son,

in

The Fourth Speech.

My dearest Son, and Sovereign;

Hear I pray ———

A Mothers Counsell, and her words obey.

It's true ———

Your Case, so sad; and Grief, so deep;

O'reflows the tears of Mourners (hir'd to weep)

Your Verball Friends, but Reall Foes in Deeds;

The deepest Grief, and saddest Case exceeds.

Your Realm's in Common ———

And in Chief, your wrong;

Outvyes the Cryes of *Hadadrimmons* tongue.

Yet ———

May'nt base Fear, your Noble heart surprize;

For, we do'nt know, nor may, the mysteries,

Of God's permissive *Providence*: ——— Oh no;

His winding Feet, upon the Waters goe:

There is no Tract, nor Line, nor Rule, whereby,

His *Paths* to finde; or *Footsteps* to descry.

Yet ———

In an hopefull wonder, see 'tis Day,

Although the Sun's Eclips'd,

His Lightsome Ray,

Will pierce, ere long, the darkest Clouds.

Your Crown ———

And Throne, and Scepter, may be hurled down:

Your

Your Forces, bearen :
 And your Self, made flie,
 With dreadfull speed for your security :
 In outward shew, past Help :
 Admit — yet then,
 The Lord of Hosts, can Rally up agen.
 By Him, Kings Reign :
 And upon whom, he please ;
 He Crowns the Issues of his close Decrees.

His Prescience, is a Secret ;
 And we must,
 Submit (in Duty) to His Will ;
 And trust his Word Reveal'd :
 For why ? we cannot tell,
 How soon the *Traitor* shall be dragg'd to Hell.
 God hath his *Time* :

Then use what means you can ;
 To Repossesse your Rights ;
 'Tis God not Man ;
 By many, or by few, the Conquest gives ;
 Before the *Traitor* his Reproach outlives.
 Serve God, in truth :

And when his *Time* is come,
 He can advance you to a *Peacefull Throne*.

He is the same, he was :
 In Mercy still, most infinite ;
 If't be his Holy Will,
 He can, and may Enthroned you ; — howsoere,
 Let not your Hope, be overcome by Fear.

No (saith the Duke) and (with a pretty smile)
 Thus Courts the King, his Brother : — in

A Divine Masque.

The Fifth Speech.

Wee

(For consolation met)
 Are, in Consultation set,
 That comfort, and assistance might,
 Be given for your Native Right:
 And (lo) an Angel doth appear,
 Which puts us in a Hopefull fear.

*A bright Cloud is seen, and an Angel in the
 Cloud: his face shining like the Sun: and armed
 like a man of War, and having in the one hand a
 Golden Crown, in the other, a Flaming Sword; he
 brandishes the Sword, then sets the Crown upon the
 Kings head, and so vanishes, being*

The Fourth Shew.

Whereupon the Prince proceeds, and says,

See, see,

A Vision doth foretell,
 The Rebels woe, my Sovereigns weal.
 Not he, that girds his Harness on;
 But, puts it off; the Field hath won.
 The men of Ai prevail'd at first,
 And forc'd Gods Forces to the worst:
 While Achan plunder'd, there could be;
 No hope, of any Victory:
 But found, and punish'd, God returns:
 Defeats the Foe: the City Burns:

God's

A Divine Masque.

25

God's Cause, and Captain, did (at last) prevail;
And so shall ever, though a while they fail.

Ah Sir ! I know, we have Offended :

And what's Amis, must be Amended ;

Some Person, or (some Thing, there is a

God Plagues, with such Calamities

Let's search, and try our wayes ; and then,

God will lead In, and Out, your Men :

Your Cause, is Good ; and in the End,

The Vision doth your Good portend :

Cheer up (dear Sir) and trust the King of Kings,

You shall prevail, and do the highest things,

Yea, said the other Duke, in —

The Sixth Speech.

And so You shall,

Rise most Tryumphant, from your lowest Fall.

You shall —

For, God Rewards ; and wil, ere long ;

The bloody Actors, of a Princes wrong.

We finde the end, of *Shimei* ; who Revil'd
His Sovereign Lord ; And Trauerously Stil'd,

The King ; a man of *Belial* : though the same,

He did Confess ; and for his Pardon came,

With all Submission — — he guilt wifood,

And's hoary Head, went to the Grave in Blood.

God owns Kings to that, who so wrongs their right,

Out-faces God, and doth his Power despise,

For *Sole Deo minor* as the King ;

And He is Gods Immediate Underling ;

There's no Coersive Power under heaven,

Against the King ; but what's Directive given,

A Divine Masque.

All Kings, are Sacred : and their Uction, is ;
 Oyl-Holy—Gods : and All, mysterious Ties,
 From Evil, in the Heart ; and Tongue ; and Hand ;
 Against their Persons, and their just Command.
 Hence (sure) it was, that *Absolon*, was so ;
 With fatal Arrows, smitten three times through :
 For's Heart, and Hand, and Tongue, did all, go on ;
 To Act a threefold Treason ; All, in One.
 Or else because, that Rebels are the Foes ;
 Which do the blessed Trinity oppose.
 Or else because, they do resist the Way ;
 Of God's : of States : and of the Churches Sway.
 A wretched End he had : twixt Heaven and Earth,
 Hang'd by his Hair, as in a Snare for death :
 In's height of Sin, and in his strength of Treason ;
 He's slain, untimely ; in a timely Season.

Most Timely, as for David ;

Though untimely, as for Absolon,

Then said Shemajah,

Speaking

The Seventh Speech.

We must not think, unequal are God's wayes ;
 Or, He denies us, when he us Delays :
 We must not think, because he doth forbear,
 That he forgets, what Sins, and Sinners are.
 God cannot be, but what he is : most True :
 Most Mighty : Wise : and what's most Just, will do.
 The Soul that Sins, shall Dye. God's only Son,
 (As one that Sin'd) before the Judge must come :
 Not for to Plead, yet can ; nor strive, yet able ;
 Both to confute, and to confound, the Rabble :

But,

But, as made Sin for Us ; that Sin'd ; that so —
 We that so Sinn'd, may be (as Just) let go :
 Him, as for Us ; Us, as in Him ; God tries ;
 He bears our blame ; and for our Sins he dies.

Because Christ took our Nature ; to become,
 Our Pledge ; our Price ; and our Redemption :
 God is so Just, he will not spare his Son,
 But Sinful made — by Imputation :
 The Soul that Sins shall dye. And will God then,
 Excuse the sinfull'ft of the Sons of Men ?
 The Father's Sin, sha'nt ly upon the Son ;
 And shall the Subjects, on the King ; and's Throne ?
 Shall Rebels be unpunish'd, or shall they —
 That have condemn'd, — and made their King away,
 By an unheard-of-murder ? shall they be
 Exempt from Justice, as by Law made Free ?
 Shall They, that have despis'd the Son of God ;
 And's Word, and's Will, (as under foot) have trod ?
 Shall They be ever Green ? and shall the Bayes,
 Of such Offences, flourish to their Praise ?
 Then, is our Faith in vain ; and all our Hope,
 Of Retribution, as a Sandy Rope.
 We cleanse our hearts, & wash our hands, for nought,
 But Inward Peace ; which now as nothing's thought.
 We suffer much, and All, to Little end ;
 If All to Loss, and to Misfortune tend.
 Why then did *Moses*, leave the Princely Sport,
 Of such a Pallace, as was *Pharaohs* Court ?
 Or, why did *Joseph* shun the Courting Stream,
 Of Stollen waters, from his Princely Dame ?
 Why were the Scriptures writ ? and what ado —
 Is there of Judgement, and Damnation too ?

A Divine Masque.

What do we talk of God, of Heaven, or Hell,
If they be best, that in the Worst excel.

'Twere vain indeed, the General sayes,

The Eighth Speech.

'Twere boot; —

To Rant, and Rore; and have a *Requiem* to't.
But it as True, as Old; and each one knows;
That, Traitors Triumphs, have their overthrows.
Though *Haggith's* Son, with Royal wings doth fly;
And *Joab*, and *Abiathar* stand by:
Though He (by Them) have All, and Each, as Vile,
Besides Himself; Himself admires awhile.
Though's Colours fly: and Drums in triumph beat;
And Sounding Trumpets serve, to serve in's meat:
Though All seem well; and nought, as Ill, to see;
What ere He does, and where so ere He be:
Though Horse, and Chariots, and his fifty Boyes,
Do run before his Kingship: — All, are Toyes.

For fall He shall: and fall He did; that Day,
He made's Request, He made his Life away.

Thus, — irs as true, as old; and Each one Knows;
A Traitors weal, is Usher to his Woes.

Unlawful Acts, by means unlawful done;
Are thin, and weak; and by the Spider spun.

You Sacred Sir, can tell.

I can: and Here;

By Sacred Story, it shall plain appear,

Saith the High Priest — in —

The Ninth Speech.

When *Corah's* craft, had blear'd the Peoples Eyes,
And made so many of the Princes Rise:

The

The chiefest men; the men of most renown; the W
Famous, for Birth; and for their Worth, made known

He as the Best; and only man for Zeal; who's self
Becomes the Speaker, for the publique Weale

And (by a kind of hellish witchcraft led)
They all submit to this Rebellious Head:

Who, having this, such Members to assist him
He goes to *Moses*; and doth thus resist him

You — you, Sir *Moses* and your Brother too
Must All of Us, be trampled, on by You

What is the Reason, of Advancing thus,
Your selves above your Brethren? *God's* will

As well as You and All of Us (as One)
Are Holy, in the Congregation

Wee'l not be Foo'd into a Regal way
And You, Command; and we (forsooth) Obey

What have you done (quoth *Diathan*) thus to be
The only Two, for your Supremacy

Is't not enough, that from a wealthy Land
(With Milk and Honey flowing) thy Command

Hath led Us hither, to this barren Place
To be the Food, for Famine, and Disgrace

Except Thou be our Prince; and make Us bow,
And yield our Necks, to thy Subjuging too

Yes (quoth *Abiram*) — — —
Where are those fruitful fields;

That Milk and Honey, and such plenty yeild
What wilt thou do? Dost think we do not see

Thy proud Intention, what thou meanst to be
No, no, wee'l not come up: call — call again

Let Them come up, that know no Stratagem
Wee'll

A Divine Masque.

We'l make you know your Princedom's not so great,
But we are able to defeat your Fear.

There's *Corah* come, and tell Him truly now,
(Or we will make you) why ye make Us bow.

Thus what (with words, and mixing Threats withall,
Moses and *Aaron* on their Faces Fall:
As strangely sham'd: or zealously affect'd:
To see the Lightning, from such Thunder hear'd.

They could not speak, as yet: but ere awhile;
Moses doth tell them, in a fair-foul Stile;
What they should do; and should from thence infer;
VWhat Stars, were fixt; and what, Erratique were.

They soon should know who were the good, or bad;
That God Seclud'd, or Select'd had,
To Minister before him: They should see
VWho Holy were, and who Unholy be.

The Rebels then, they took (as *Moses* said)
Censers, and Fire; and thereon Incense laid:
And then (with *Moses* and with *Aaron*) stood,
Before the Place, where God his Glory shew'd,
Before (their Prince and Priest, and now) the Lord,
They stand (presuming upon *Corah's* word)
And dare Appeal (as free from All Offence)
To God's strict Justice, and Omniscience.

Thus, — damned Pride, leads Traitors to the worst,
Of wilful Sins, to make them most Account
From One Sin, to Another; still they go;
And fear no Evil, till they feel the Blow:
Which, shall so Sudden, and so Dismall be;
As, by the Vengeance; you, their Sin shall see.

Thus — God, to *Moses*: He, the People shews;
VWho, *Corah's* Tents, and Congregation views.

They

A Divine Masque.

31

They touch not, ought, is Theirs: but agen,
Review, for Separation: *Moses* then,
Bespeaks them thus.

Now, shall you hereby know
Both who I am, and whence; and what I do,
Is all from God: and what a Horrid Sin,
Rebellion is, the way that *Corah's* in.

If you shall see, the Earth in sunder cleave;
And all these men, and whatsoe'er they have;
Be swallowed, quick; and go alive, to Hell;
Then, by the Vengeance; you, their Sin may tell.

And as he spake, it was: a dismal Grave,
Did them, their Tents and all their Goods receive:
And (nothing left) the Earth did close agen,
To be a warning for *Rebellious Men*,
Who, but for speaking, though they did not Do:
The murderous Act, of bloody Treason too:
Yet,— see how strictly, God in fury smites,
The mouthy Tauntings, of the SACRed Rites:
The Earth, destroyes; the Fire, doth devour:
The bold Blasphemers, of the Higher Power.

*With that all the Levites stood up, and having each
of them an Instrument of Musique in his hand:*

*(They make Obedience to the King,
And then they Play, and thus they sing:*

The Second Song.

Sir, wait awhile; while God your Patience tries,
By suffering Traitors, in their Villanies:

For, there are woes

For your Foes,

Prepared:

Not

A Divine Masque.

Not a Common Vilification, shall
Bold-bloody-Rebels at the last befall;

Then let not Those,
That Oppose,
Be fear'd,
Chorus

Though Pharaoh Boast,
He'l Israel confound;

Yet Pharaoh's crost,
And he and's Host are Drown'd.

Sit be content; as Moses was, by you:
Moses foretold: and may your Highness too:

That, there are woes,
For your Foe,

Prepar'd:
As Moses did: So shall your Highness see,

In Corah's, Ferobeam's Destinie:

Then, let not Those,
That Oppose,
Be fear'd.

Chorus
Though Pharaoh boast,

He'l Israel confound;

Yet Pharaoh's crost,
And He, and's Host are Drown'd.

Then, as they made a Warbling Close, both of their
Song, and Musique; Behold,

The Fifth Shew's presented;
Being

A spacious Field; and two Armies, in Array; the
Kings, and the Rebels: and joyning Battel, the Kings
side prevails,
Whereupon

A Divine Masque.

33

Whereupon (all crying *Victoria, Victoria*) an Old
man (wearing a Mantle of Camels Hair, girt about with
a Leisern Girdle) presents Himself before the King; to
whom (being demanded who he was, and what he
would) he said —

The Tenth Speech.

What needed *Endors* Witch, by Magick Spell,
To make the Devil, a Prophet; and to tell —
The fatal State of *Saul*?

For, (first) his cursed sparing *Agag's* Self;
Then (secondly) his Lying for the Pelf;
Thirdly, his killing the Lord's Priests;
And (fourthly) Hunting for
The precious Life of *David*;
(Whose worth, the Virgins, in a Dance did Sing;
And next to *Saul*, was the Anointed King.)
Fifthly, (despairing) his presuming Folly;
In *Sammuel's* place, to be (unholy) Holy;
Lastly, from God, unto a Witch, he going;
Resolves the Question (to his just Undoing.)

That Vengeance waits on Sinners: such, as still,
Relist the Good, and do persist in Ill;
Sin, with delight; and in their Spite, Oppose,
God's way, and Will: God will (at last) Depose.
What needed *Endors* Witch,
By Magick Spell,
To make the Devil, a Prophet?

This Truth, this Day, is with a Sun-beam writ;
And These, and After-times shall witness it.

For th' blood, of many hundred thousands shed;
The hideous Grips, of thousands, almost dead —

A Divine Masque.

The total strange Defeat; and direful Fate;
 Of *Ferobatus*; — In his tenfold Scare;
 His two and twenty years Possession;
 His mighty Host: Eight hundred thousand strong;
 His cunning Ambush: and his Forces, double
 (Flouted, and routed; to his treble trouble.)
 Then, — his sad Exit, from the Stage of warre;
 Shew, — what the Issues of Rebellion are;
 See, how the Field is stain'd with Blood;
 Observe the number: rally up again;
 Thy thankful thoughts, don't wonder, in such ways;
 (Although so long permitted, that their days;
 (At longest) are but short; and bad (at Best)
 Not all their Pomp, can give one hour of Rest;
 Their Guards are vain: their strongest Bani are weak;
 Their Sentinels, by night, and day, do speake
 Their Guilt, and Fear. Where's *Ferobatus* now?
 (The Old Commander) unto whom, did bow
 So many, and they All;
 (The Sons of *Belial*)
 Where's his Calt — Gods,
 And Idol (self-made) Priests,
 Where's all his double odds;
 Oh how is *Israel*, bowricht, with Treason;
 Though God himself, be Captain for his King;
 And lead the van: and Angels, either Wing;
 Yet, — joyn they Battel; and their shooting to;
 Till God draws out, & breaks through Horse & Foot,
 Disfranks, Disorders, and Destroyes the Foe;
 And gives at once, an utter Overthrow.
 I see it now, — and now, upon the Day;
 I come, the Tribute of my thanks to pay;

A Divine Masque.

35

To pay, devoutly render'd unto God,
Who with his Holy Arm, and Iron Rod,
Hath made the Truth, most sinously to bring,
Praise, to his Name: and Safety, to his King.

Upon this, was an Alarm from within, and lamentable out-cryer made; and thereupon,

The Six, and last Shew's presented,
Being

Two Cities, Dan, and Bethel: and in Bethel, the Juncto-Council; wherein sate Jeroboam, in a Chair of State: Hell, under him; the De-vil, behind him: and King Abijah in a Throne, above him: whom when the Rebel saw, he cries out--- O Treason, Treason: what have I done, and how was I bewitch'd. O Treason, Treason: ceasing, to be Loyal; I left to be Religious; I first, forsook my King: and then my God:

Thus, by degrees I fell; and now, I fall;
To be more wretched, then Accurs'd Saul.
With that, the Devil takes him in pieces, and throwes him into Hell. Whereupon, the Party for Abijah, clap their hands: and (praising God, and Praying for the King) the Levites take again their several Instruments of Musick; and (one holding up the Picture of Jeroboam, in a frame of Gold,) they sung

The Third and last song.

As they began, there came in six Masquers, each in green silk, wrought over with gold spangles: their Temples wreath'd with Bayes; their Vizards all different, but beautiful and smiling.

A Divine Masque.

*These six (at the close of every Eight verses), dance
the Antique; and Dancing, sing the Chorus.*

The Person, and his Power's gone;
What's worth your Contemplation?

This Picture? or this fairer Frame?
(Deserving better than it's Name)

No, no, th' memory, the Sight;
Each Part, and Faculty, that's right

He throws the Picture down,
and breaks it.
Abhors the Shadow of the fairest, Paint,
Which makes the foulest Devil seem a Saint.

The CHORUS.

Come, dance we may,

'Tis *Psyche's* Play;

And Holy-day,

At Court,

At Court;

And Holy-day,

At Court:

Traitors (though Crown'd,

And most Renown'd)

God will confound,

With sport,

With sport;

God will confound,

With sport.

God did, and doth, and ere will Bless,

The Better Cause, with Best Success.

Traitors may speed awhile; and bring;

A shameful *EXIT*, on their King;

Rebels.

Rebels may Rule, until their Sins,
Be ripe for Judgment: then begins,
The just Observer of the Prince's wrongs;
To plead their Rights, in spite of Rebels tongues.

CHORUS
 (With Muskechoye,
 Of Hand and Noyce)
 Sing and rejoyce;
 We may,
 We may
 Sing, and rejoyce,
 We may:

And in's Rebellion find a Prodig
 The Highest Train his Downfall see
 With such a Downfall w:
 Defaced, **Today,**
 Eight hundred strong & yet are
 And all his Children
 Did Check, **And all's removed**
 Here's **The Traitors Crown**

The Lord of Hosts, the King is for,
And Regicide both most abhorre:
He'll fight, and smite the proudest He,
That's guilty of Disloyaltie.
The Scepter, from Usurpers hands,
Shall fall by his own Countermands.
And all the Guiltlesse Blood, that hath bin spilt,
Shall (to their torment) be their Endlesse Guilt.

CHORUS.
Come, dance, we may,
'Tis Psycho's Play, b7A

And Holy day

Rebels may find
Be ripe for
The just Observer
To bleed their rights

At Court:

Traitors (though Crown'd,
And all's Renown'd)
God will confound,
With sport,
With sport:
God will confound,
With sport.
We may:

Here's **Parolan**, who of late,
Did Check the **King**, shall now Check mate,
And all his Chosen men of Warre,
Eight hundred thousand strong; yet are,
Defeated, and destroyed so,
With such a fearful fall: how:
The Highest Traitor may his Downfall see;
And in's Rebellion finde a Prodigie.

The Lord of Hosts, the King is for;
And **Rebels** shall
With Musique choyses
Of Hand and Voyces
Sing and joyce
We may

And all the Guilded
Sing and joyce
We may

The Traitors Crown,
And all's Renown,

A Distant Dispute

Is fallen down,

To day, (my dear) O

To day, (my dear) O

Is fallen down, ECCHO

Today, (my dear) O

With that, there came sound of Drums and Trumpets: and Psyche (with an observant haste) goes, to present the King, with the Masque, & singing, Which done, Psyche I gladly go to speak to the King

Come prethee Psyche haste away, (my dear) O

Upon the Birth, (my dear) O

Is no long mirth:

And I am gone, nor may You stay, O

She hears, she answers, and she cries, O

Let none think much, O

Our mirth is such, O

And by an Echo, He replies, O

at followeth O

The EPILOGUE, O

Psyche, O

Ah woe is me (unhappy One) O

And is my Guide, and Guard, this good O

ECCHO. *Good.*

But hark, ye at That, the Musique choyce, O

Of his fair Hand, and warbling Voyer O

The Echo's His: ah could I know, O

But whether I am mockt, or no? O

ECCHO.

A Divine Masque

Hebe.

Angel.

Oh (my dearest) were I there,
Or (my dearest) were you here.

ECCHO.

Descend I pray thee, and fulfill,
O mine, or Thine; what's your's my Will
Oh haste, I faint; What shall I say?
What shall I do? Oh speak, I pray.

Pro.

The Duty's just, and the performer,
(If thou wilt Teach me), in it ever,

With that, she comes, and kneeling, says:
The Angel comes, and each (Ascending) says:

Farewell.

Yea, Wellfare may our Farewell be,
To his most sacred Will.
The (1) Oak, the (2) Olive, and the (3) Vine,
Their Boughs, as well as Roots, entwine,
The (1) stately, (2) cheerful, (3) fruitful Trees.
Emblematize Prosperitie:
That, (1) Power, (2) Peace, (3) Plenty, may
Be still our Pillars, for our Stay.

Enough, now our Divining Masque is done,
We must ascend upon the Rising Sun,
Leaving Good Times, to prove our Better News,
As True, as Truth's Spoken, and as True.

THE END.